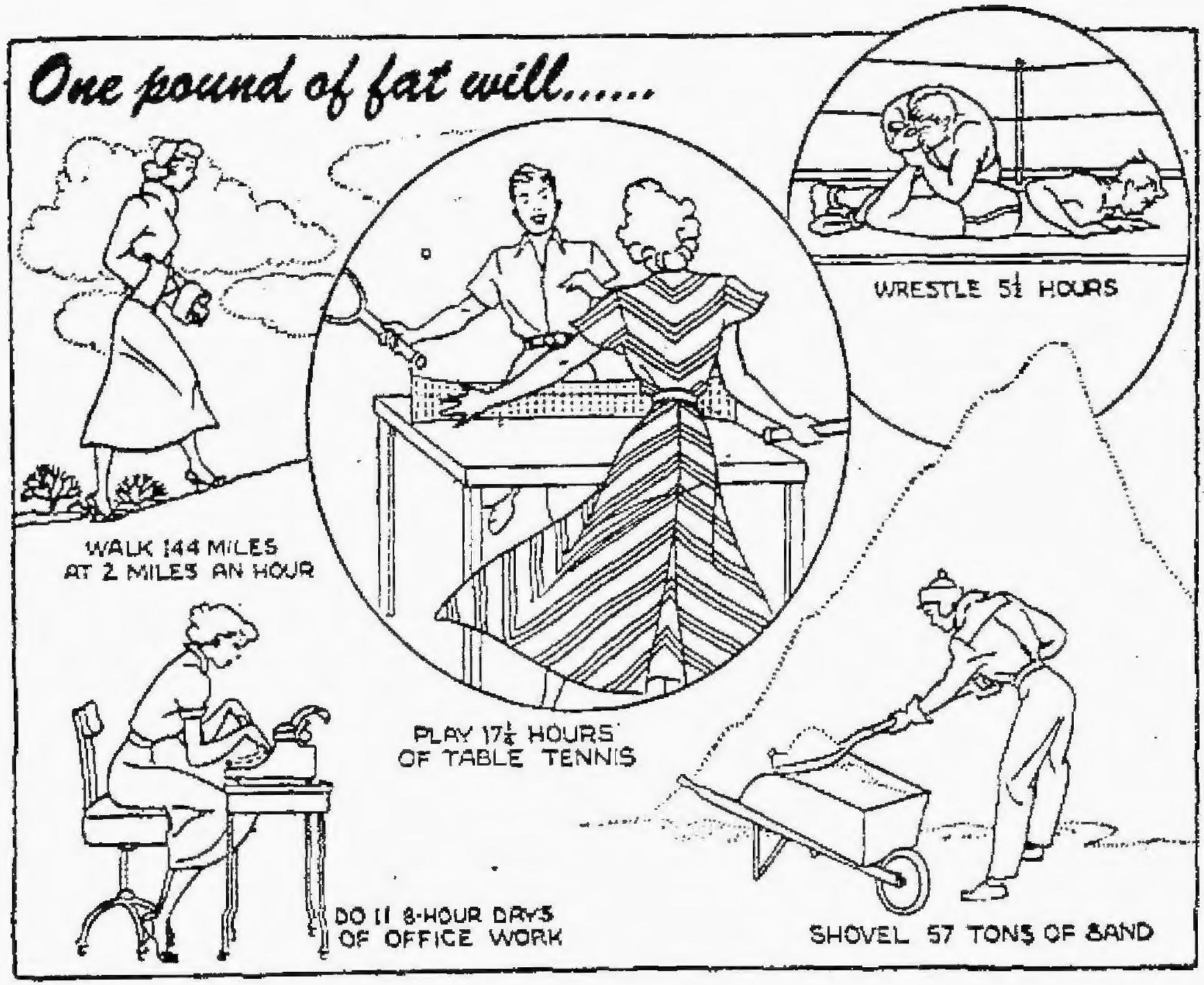
NUDITIES OF 1946 . . . AP Staff Artist Sylvia Robbin sketches some ideas on how much farther the current trend toward brevity in beach attire can go.

Shell-like ears . . . If they are the conoha, snail, oyster, scallop or agate variety, m'lady has a problem.

# don't DO that!

***BAD TASTE . . . Don't go to market in slacks—and don't wear slacks at all if your hips measure more than 36 inches.***

SEE WHAT IT'LL LOOK LIKE—Build it in miniature, says Sylvia Robbin, putting the final touches on a model she built to scale from her own blueprints.


One pound of fat will.....
WRESTLE 5½ HOURS
WALK 144 MILES AT 2 MILES AN HOUR
PLAY 17½ HOURS OF TABLE TENNIS
DO 11 8-HOUR DAYS OF OFFICE WORK
SHOVEL 57 TONS OF SAND

—Wide World Photo

**LOSING A POUND**—That pound of fat you may wish to take off requires a lot of work, according to figures compiled by Ramon W. Kireilis and contained in a University of Illinois report by Dr. Thomas K. Cureton. The sketch is by Sylvia Robbin, Associated Press artist.

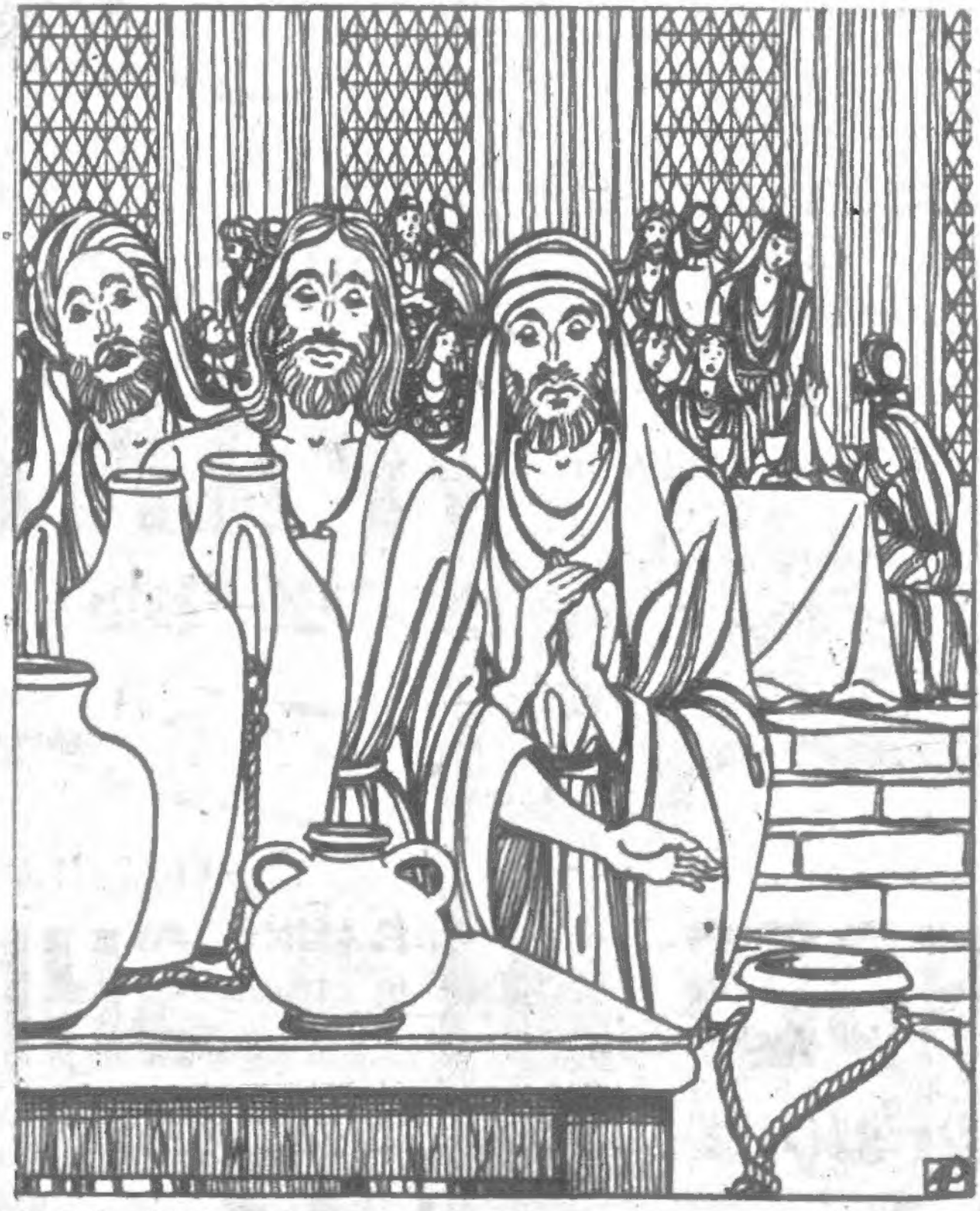
## WATCH THOSE LIPSTICK SMEARS!

Lipstick smears, or something resembling them, are the reason one out of 10 husbands deserts his family, according to Dan Ehrenberg of New York. AP Artist Sylvia Robbin sketches results.

# The Works of Christ

## Christ Turns Water Into Wine

From St. John 2: 1-10.



And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee; and the mother of Jesus was there: and both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage.

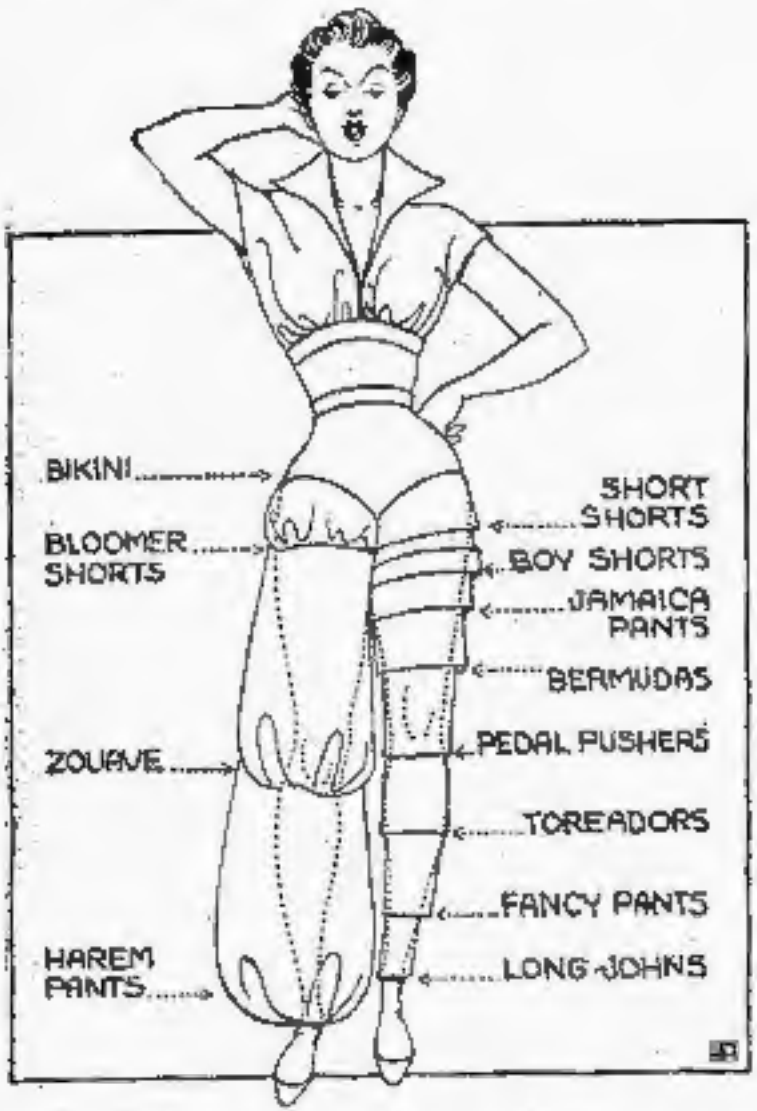
And when they wanted wine, the mother of Jesus saith unto him, They have no wine. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come.

His mother saith unto the servants, Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it. And there were set there six waterpots of stone, after the manner of the purifying of the Jews, containing two or three firkins apiece.

Jesus saith unto them, Fill the waterpots with water. And they filled them up to the brim. And he saith unto them, Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feat. And they bare it.

When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was: (but the servants which drew the water knew;) the governor of the feast called the bridegroom, and saith unto him, Everyman at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse: but thou hast kept the good wine until now.

# Long and Short of It




**WHAT LENGTH PANTS?** Since practically all women have taken to some form of trousers for sports and play wear, the number and variety of such garments has created wide confusion in the minds of customers, who usually aren't sure just what is the difference between Bermuda and Jamaica shorts, for instance, or how long pedal pushers should be. This diagram is presented as a public service, drawn by AP artist Sylvia Robbin with the aid and advice of Shirley Falk, New York sportswear designer. The sketch identifies most of the current categories of two-legged garments. Omitted for purposes of clarity are culottes (they're really a form of skirt), beach pajamas (let bygones be bygones) and pantalettes (we've all read "Gone With the Wind"). And that's that.

# Santa and the Dumdiddy

By Lucrece Hudgins Beale

## CHAPTER ONE
## THE BIG FUSS

ONCE upon a time there lived a little boy called Beanie. He had a sister named Betsy. Beanie and Betsy fought all the time.

When they got up in the morning they started arguing right away over who would read the paper first. At breakfast they argued over who could eat the most pancakes. After breakfast, they fought over whose turn it was to take the dog for a walk.

And so it went. Fussing and arguing all day long.

Now, it was very near Christmas and the children's mother was worn out with hearing this awful fighting in the house day after day. So she said, "If you children don't stop this terrible fussing there's just not going to be any Christmas at this house."

This worried little Betsy, because she loved Christmas better than anything in the whole world. So she said, "I'll stop fighting, mother. In fact, I'm going to shut myself in my room right now and work on my Christmas presents."

But Beanie wasn't worried. He said, "Aw, who cares about Christmas? I sure don't."

"Why, Beanie!" exclaimed his mother. "Whatever do you mean by saying such a thing?"

"I mean I don't like all that giving and stuff," said Beanie. "I like birthdays much better. Then I don't have to give away anything."

"But, Beanie, Christmas is a time for giving—not for getting. It's fun to give things to your cousins and your friends. And it's fun for them to give to you."

"WELL, no one ever gives me as good as I give," retorted Beanie. "And even Christmas dinner, when I think I'm going to have plenty of turkey and pie just for once, why, we always gotta have company and I never have thirds on anything!"

"You're a pig," said Betsy.

"You're a pinhead!" shouted Beanie.

"Children!" cried the mother. She was beginning to be very angry.

Betsy ran away to work on Christmas gifts but Beanie threw himself on the sofa and put his feet up on the wall.

Beanie and Betsy fought all the time.

"Beanie, put your feet down at once!" ordered his mother.

"There you go," said Beanie. "Always picking on me. Nothing I do is right."

He stomped out of the room. He went upstairs and leaned down to look through the keyhole into his sister's room.

"Look at the little angel making Christmas presents!" he scoffed. "She thinks she's Santa's little helper!"

"Mother!" Betsy threw open the door. "He's *bothering* me!"

Mother came up the stairs. There were tears in her eyes. "Really," she said to Beanie. "You are ruining Christmas for all of us. I don't know what is the matter with you. Go in your room."

BEANIE went in his room. He lay on his bed. He thought about how he was always in trouble and that everything always was blamed on him—or so it seemed to him.

That's why his birthday was the best day in the year—much better than Christmas—because then no one fussed at him and everything was for him alone and did not have to be shared with anyone.

Suddenly Beanie sat up. He thought:

"I'll run away! I'll run away until all this Christmas stuff is over!"

He ran into Betsy's room to get his hat from under the bed where it had been thrown during a fight. Betsy was sitting on the floor making something out of clay.

She held up a lumpy clay figure for Beanie to see. "Isn't he *beautiful!*" she whispered.

The figure had a fat round body and a teeny head stuck on top and no neck at all. One arm was longer than the other and the legs had little bumps on them for feet.

"That's a big fat mess!" snorted Beanie.

"Is not!" cried Betsy. A dreamy look came into her eyes and she said softly, "It's a Dumdiddy and I'm giving it to Santa for Christmas!"

*(Next: Running Away)*

# Santa and the SECRET ROOM

by LUCRECE HUDGINS BEALE

CHAPTER ONE

## The Soldiers Call

Listen, now, and I'll tell you the strangest story ever told. A story of giants and elves and a pot of gold; of a lost princess and a secret room and Santa Claus in trouble.

There are folks who'll say none of this is true. But they're wrong. It's all true. I know. Because I was there and I saw it all.

My name is Alexander. I have seven brothers and seven sisters. I'm the youngest. I have no ma and no pa but my sisters and brothers take care of me.

We live in a little old house at the end of a crooked road. My sisters sleep in the house while we boys bed down in the barn.

My story begins on a snowy, windy night just before Christmas. We were all gathered around the fire in the kitchen the way we always do at close of day.

### Sister Reads Story

Amanda, my oldest sister, was reading us a story about Santa Claus and how he had saved the life of a boy who had never believed in Santa.

The rest of us were stringing cranberries and making colored paper ropes to hang on our Christmas tree. It was nice and warm and loving in that kitchen by the fire. I was happy just lying there on my back listening to the story and thinking about the marshmallows we would be toasting by and by.

### Soldiers Arrive

Suddenly there was a bang, bang, bang at the door and a voice shouting, "Open up in the name of the king."

My sister dropped her book. No one else moved because, honest, I don't know how long it had been since anyone had come knocking at our door!

Bang, bang, bang came the knocking again.

Amanda said quietly, "Best to see what it is, Thomas."

So Thomas, my oldest brother, pulled back the bolt and opened the door. Three great, big soldiers marched right in. My eyes nearly popped from my head. I'd never been that close to soldiers before.

They lined us up three deep by the kitchen wall and asked us our names and ages and where we'd spent the day. Then the biggest soldier took a paper from his pocket and began to read:

"Princess Anne has been kidnaped from the royal palace. The king commands all his people to search for the kidnaper and recover his daughter without delay."

### Excitement Rises

After that the soldiers stomped out of the house. We all began to talk at once.

"What a shame! What a horror!" exclaimed my sisters. "The poor little thing!"

"Whoever took her would be far away by now," said my brothers. "They'd never dare to stay in the kingdom."

"What about Christmas?" I cried. "Will we have Christmas just the same?"

"Oh, Alexander," said Amanda. "Of course we will!"

They kept on talking and it was much, much later than usual when Thomas finally said, "Time for bed, Alexander. Get to the barn." I always have to go when he says it's time, so I took the lantern and ran quickly to the barn.

### Breathing Heard

But when I got to the barn I'd hardly put my foot in the doorway when I stopped in my tracks. Plain as day I heard breathing inside!

It wasn't the cow and it wasn't the hens or the hog. It was a person breathing. I know cause there's a difference between man and beast that you can feel inside of you, even when you can't see at all.

Quick as a lick I knew what it was.

"It's the kidnaper!" I thought. "He's hiding inside!"

I heard breathing inside!

Tomorrow: A strange story.

# FLAPPER FANNY By Sylvia

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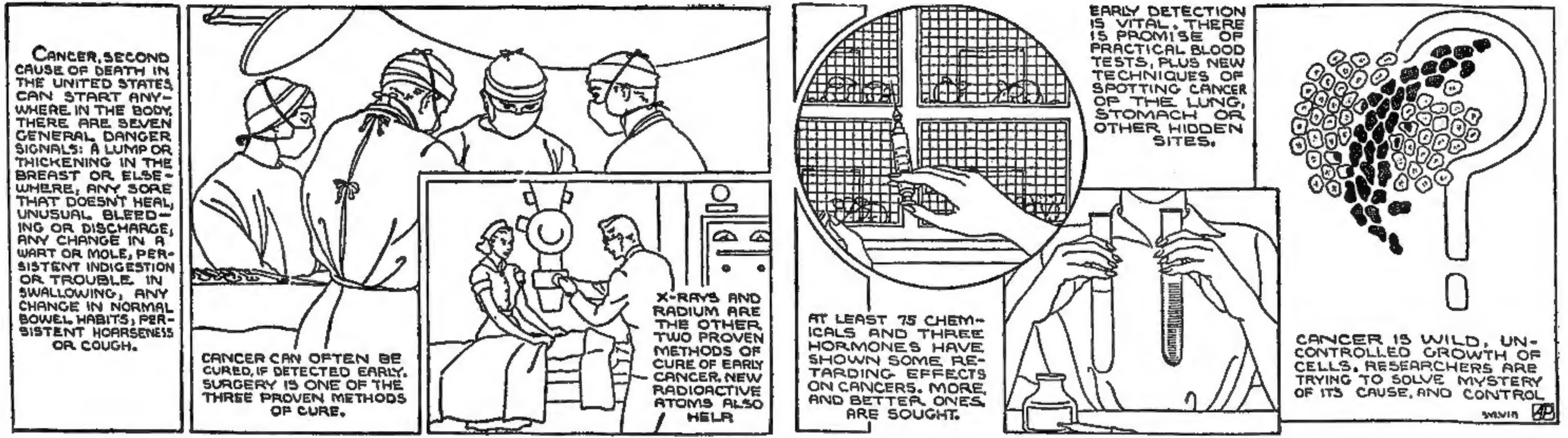
"Sst! Fanny, give him that old one about having to stay home and help me with my lessons."

9-21

# THE LATEST ON CANCER

—By Alton L. Blakeslee


CANCER, SECOND CAUSE OF DEATH IN THE UNITED STATES, CAN START ANYWHERE IN THE BODY. THERE ARE SEVEN GENERAL DANGER SIGNALS: A LUMP OR THICKENING IN THE BREAST OR ELSEWHERE; ANY SORE THAT DOESN'T HEAL; UNUSUAL BLEEDING OR DISCHARGE; ANY CHANGE IN A WART OR MOLE; PERSISTENT INDIGESTION OR TROUBLE IN SWALLOWING; ANY CHANGE IN NORMAL BOWEL HABITS; PERSISTENT HOARSENESS OR COUGH.
CANCER CAN OFTEN BE CURED, IF DETECTED EARLY. SURGERY IS ONE OF THE THREE PROVEN METHODS OF CURE.
X-RAYS AND RADIUM ARE THE OTHER TWO PROVEN METHODS OF CURE OF EARLY CANCER. NEW RADIOACTIVE ATOMS ALSO HELP
AT LEAST 75 CHEMICALS AND THREE HORMONES HAVE SHOWN SOME RETARDING EFFECTS ON CANCERS. MORE, AND BETTER, ONES, ARE SOUGHT.
EARLY DETECTION IS VITAL. THERE IS PROMISE OF PRACTICAL BLOOD TESTS, PLUS NEW TECHNIQUES OF SPOTTING CANCER OF THE LUNG, STOMACH OR OTHER HIDDEN SITES.
CANCER IS WILD, UNCONTROLLED GROWTH OF CELLS. RESEARCHERS ARE TRYING TO SOLVE MYSTERY OF ITS CAUSE, AND CONTROL
SHAVER